

# ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDI DUDLEY

"Have you ever noticed," asked Lucie, the waitress in the small restaurant on Broadway, as the newspaper man took a seat on a stool, "that the minute a never-was-on-the-stage he begins to warp his talk?"

"In what way?"

"Well, for instance, a young man I know, who used to be a student in a barber shop, got into the chorus of a big show recently. Yesterday he comes in for the first time since he changed his work. He's looking worried. 'Oh, I can't select mah dinna,' he says.

"Superb disdain from Lucie, you know. 'You what? I asks, with the same inflection.'

"I can't select,' he says.

"Where you been lately?" I asks. "In London with the chappies? Where did you get that dialogue in your voice? Are you going in for social life?"

"He frowned. 'I'm an actor now, you know,' he says.

"And they told me you showed initiative of being a fine babah," I replies. "You see, he'd got me doing it. I realized my erroneous remark and blushed.

"'Tush!' he says. 'Watch me a jivilah and some coffee.'

"'Oh, cut it out and be a humanitaria again,' I says.

"'Noval mind,' he says. 'How about the fiddah?'

"It was just the opening I was thinking for. I took my time. Then in a firm voice I says: 'He's all right and so is my muddah.' After that I give him a couple of glares and leave him."

"How did he take your repartee?" I asked the newspaper man.

"No, no, it wasn't too," replied Lucie. "It was coffee. Oh, he soaked it up with his doughnut just like he used to before he got high-toned."

LACKAWA TO WALTER.

When Wilton Lackaye philosophizes it is usually worth one's while to ponder over what he says. There was a lack of applause after the second act of "Wise Festivals" the opening night, and Eugene Whalen, the author, was surprised. Mr. Lackaye, one of the stars of the cast, asked him what was wrong.

"They don't applaud," replied Mr. Whalen.

"Don't let that worry you," said the actor. "Remember, you can buy applause, but you cannot buy silence."

OUR OWN MINSTRELS.

Interviewer—Is your little brother working, Mr. Evans?

Evans—Mr. The boss caught him smoking and fired him.

"He didn't!"

"You—said where there is smoke there must be fire."

Interviewer—I saw you drinking last night, Mr. Tambo. Don't you know whiskey will take the cost right off your stomach?

Tambo—With my stomach's been burning me in its shirt sleeves for a long time, hasn't it?

Interviewer—Archibald Highgate, my personal tenor, will sing "He Led His Way Through College, but 'Twas Father That He Worked."

GOSIP.

Tom Tammerson in "Taking Chances" will open at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre during the week of March 11. George Cawelti will play opposite him, and at his side, at No. 139 West Forty-sixth Street, to-morrow.

George Vines Shaeff is to be assistance to James Johnson, editor of Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

Coming to the second act of "The Peacock," at the Casino, will be a broker named Danvers. Danvers' next one will be "Smith's Comedy." It will probably open April 4 in Wilmington, Del.

William Farnsworth plans to present "The Slave" all next season. He'll be seen again, giving a New England tour for him.

William C. Miller of Richard Lambert's office has caught the producing fever and has developed an ambition to send "Help Wanted" on tour.

Elmyr Selwyn is to act his original role in his own play "The Arab" for the moving picture cameras. He'll go next to do it. His wife, Margaret Mayo, will go along and laugh at him.

EVANS ON THE STAGE.

George "Honey Boy" Evans, who died yesterday in Baltimore, was a popular comedian. He had a sort of a whine that was very effective in his stage work. He also had a singing voice that was far above the average, and a pair of the funniest legs in the business. A strange thing about him was the fact that he found

THE EVENING WORLD'S "MOVIE-STORY"  
COMPLETE EACH WEEK

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HALF-A-THOUSAND—By Keene Thompson  
Conclusion...The End of Mystery

MONDAY—UNDER THE AURORA.

FRED G. LONG  
Illustrator

THE EVENING WORLD will pay \$100 for the best original comic strip or cartoon. Send to THE EVENING WORLD, 22 Park Row, N. Y. City. Entries accompanied by return postage. Address MOVIE-STORY EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, 22 Park Row, N. Y. City.

Tom easily convinces the detective that he came innocently by the counterfeit \$1,000 bill and that he is not one of a band of counterfeitors for whom search is being made, and he is not detained, but is compelled to give up the bogus money.

At the office where he works he was increasingly indignant at the hoax of which he has been a victim. In the midst of his reflections the secretary of his employer appears and says: "The boss wishes to see you in his office."

To Tom's surprise his employer asks: "Did you get the \$1,000 bill?" Wondering how the "boss" knows about it, Tom sheepishly replies: "Yes, I got it, but it was counterfeit. They took it away from me at the bank this morning."

Then to Tom's greater surprise, his employer hands him another \$1,000 bill, saying: "This is a real one. It was a test—theatrical, perhaps—but one arranged to see what stuff you were made of—I want you in a new job."

Excitedly Tom leaps to his feet—and there he is at his desk, where he has fallen asleep over some day reports. And the boss's secretary stands there. "The boss wants to see you—I think he has a promotion to talk over with you."—The end.



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By C. M. Payne

"S'MATTER, POP!"

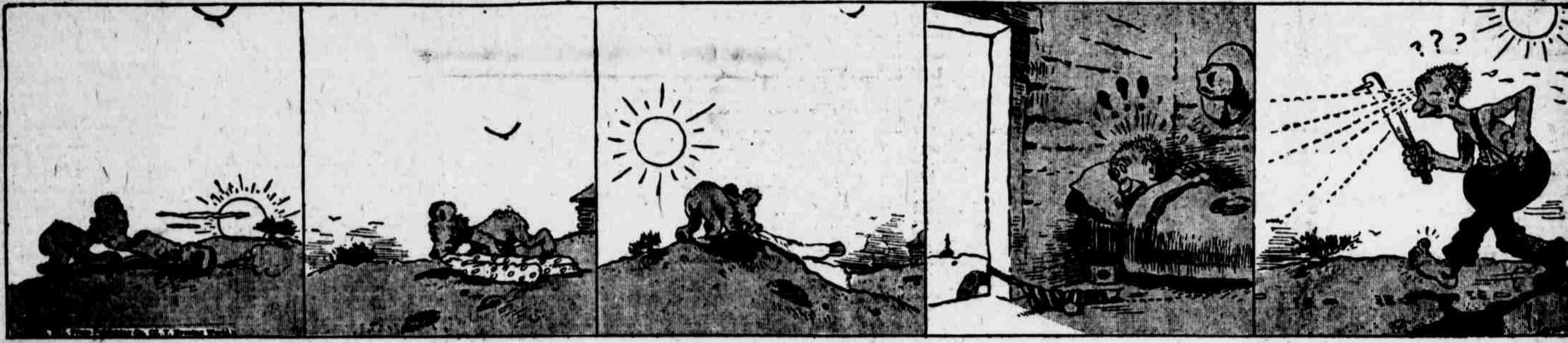
WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY



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By Vic

FLOOEY AND AXEL—A Few Days Ago Axel Said: "Ay Yust Love Little Bear Cubs!"



WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

By Vic

THE MARRYING OF MARY—Bill's Mistake, of Course. He Shouldn't Be So Suspicious!



WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

By Thornton Fisher

THE PAINT AND POWDER GIRL—No. 18—The Real Turning Point

A Helpful MOVIE SERIES for GIRLS—Illustrated by ELEANOR SCHOLER.

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WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY

By Betty Vincent



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FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"She has recovered, but still is weak with pain."

After a wretched night, during which she has slept little and thought much of her humiliation at the party, Gandy arises to find her face covered with an ugly red rash. The chestnut cheeks, composed of many small, bright, living spots, have not yet been seen.

She is overcome with fright and regret. She knows that her mother will not permit her to stay at home even sick, but the disease appearing before her mother's eyes has disengaged from her heart.

Finally she decides to cover up the disfigurement at the cost. She doesn't dare use any more rouge, but she puts on an extra heavy coat of powder. Her father has gone to his office on the other side of the city, and she has nothing to do but sit and wait.

Her first hour of school that morning is devoted to work in the gymnasium. The physical culture teacher looks at her closely and asks her to remain when the class is dismissed. "Gandy, would better teach you than I," the teacher says.

"Gandy tells me the reason for the practice and the teacher, Miss Mackay, bears the story of the teacher's life. The teacher has much more to say than Gandy does."

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